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When Johnny was dead and laid in his grave,  
 (Hem, haw, laid in his grave)  
 The Devil came after him, but could n't him have,  
 (Hem, haw, he could n't him have.)

And out of his grave there sprang up a tree,  
 (Hem, haw, there sprang up a tree)  
 Which bore the best apples that ever you see,  
 (Hem, haw, that ever you see.)

When the apples were ripe and beginning to fall,  
 (Hem, haw, beginning to fall)  
 Old Mother Pinkleton picked them up all,  
 (Hem, haw, she picked them up all).

Her apron was blue and her bonnet was straw,  
 (Hem, haw, her bonnet was straw)  
 And she was the worst woman that ever you saw,  
 (Hem, haw, that ever you saw.)

She carried home the apples and put them on the shelf,  
 (Hem, haw, she put them on the shelf)  
 If you want any more, you must sing it yourself,  
 (Hem, haw, you must sing it yourself.)

*Pamela McArthur Cole.*

EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

THE GOLDEN BIRD. — In reply to inquiries concerning a fairy tale of this name, once familiar in my family, I have received the following reply from a correspondent (Mrs. Amanda M. Thrush, Plymouth, O.), who only imperfectly recollects the story: —

“Once there was a rich gentleman who had three daughters. The two oldest were gay and frivolous. They cared for nothing but grand dresses, and gay parties, and disliked their youngest sister very much, as she was very beautiful, and entirely different from them, caring nothing for their pleasures, but was devoted to, and a companion for her father. At last he thought he would travel; so he called them together, and asked what he should bring them when he came back. The two said a silk, and a new bonnet. The youngest said a ‘Gold bird.’ ‘But what will I bring if I can’t find one?’ ‘Not anything,’ she replied. After travelling a long time, their father came back, and brought the presents the oldest ones had wanted, but nothing for the youngest. They laughed at her for her choice, but she was just as amiable as ever. After staying at home for a while, he wanted to travel again, and asked them as before what he should bring them. The two, as before wanted some finery, and the youngest said a gold bird. But again he came home, bringing presents the oldest ones wanted, but no gold bird. Well, the third time he went away, and they all made the same reply. This time he thought he *would* find the gold bird, for he loved his beautiful daughter more than the others, as they cared nothing for him, only for the money he had. This time he stayed so long

they thought he was dead, and used the property as they wanted to, and made the youngest daughter's life very lonely and miserable. The father went everywhere, seeking for the gold bird, but could not find or hear of any. At last, in his wanderings, he got lost. After trying a long time to find his way, he came to a large house. It was all dark, but he thought there might be some one there. But no one answered, so he tried the door, and it opened, and he went in. Everything seemed prepared for him, a table with a good supper, and a room with a good bed, but he could hear or see no one in the house. . . .

"Now I am lost. He found the gold bird there, but I forget whether it talked to him, or some other invisible person. But he could be released only by his daughter's coming, and taking his place. I forget whether a messenger was sent for her, or, after a promise to come back, he was permitted to go for her. But in some way she arrived, and the spell was taken off the prince, and the beautiful youngest daughter married the king's son, and the father was happy with them, and the two sisters nearly died of envy at her good fortune."

*Fanny D. Bergen.*

EDITOR'S NOTE. — As no corresponding European fairy tale, so far as we know, is recorded, it may be presumed that the story is of literary origin. The palace in which a banquet is found spread, but where no men are seen, is a familiar feature of mediæval romances. The fundamental idea of the trait seems to be that spirits are invisible to mortals. So in American stories, the visitor to the house of ghosts sees no one. But the present tale is too imperfectly preserved in diction and substance to admit of any certain conclusion as to its character. The introduction constitutes a variant of that familiar in the German *Aschenputtel*, but is not therefore of necessity borrowed from such source.

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## LOCAL MEETINGS AND OTHER NOTICES.

TENNESSEE. — Mr. Henry M. Wiltse, of Chattanooga, Tenn., having consented to act as representative of the American Folk-Lore Society in that State, has issued the following explanatory circular letter : —

*Dear Friend,* — The American Folk-Lore Society is making an earnest effort to extend its work in the South, and with that object in view has appointed a State Secretary for Tennessee, whose pleasure it will be to attempt the work of increasing the membership in this State, and assist in the collection of the long neglected folk-lore of the South.

You are respectfully and earnestly requested to interest yourself in the work —

First. By joining the Society, the annual fee being only three dollars. This would entitle you to *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, which is published quarterly.

Second. By subscribing, if you feel so inclined, ten dollars to the Publication Fund. This would entitle you to all of the publications of the Society for the current year, and the publication of your name in the *Memoirs*